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Vol. IV., No. 6. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 15, 1911 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

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SUMAS COUNCIL

The regular meeting of the Sumas council wa sheld on Saturday end, all members o fths counc l being present.

Minutes of November read and adopted.

Order No 15392 received from the Board of Railway Commissioners, Ottawa, giving the V. V. & E. Ry. permission to cross certain roads in the municipality. The clerk was instructed to write the railway commissioners that the plans furnished to the council by the railway company have been varied by arrangement with the engineer o fthe V. V. & E. Railway Company. That no copy of the plans as amended has been furnished to the council. That said variations have not yet been completed by the V. V. & E. Railway Company. That the council therefore protest against these decisions affecting municipal roads embodied in order No. 15392.

Letter was received from the International Railway and Development company stating that the company's power line would soon be constructed through the municipality.

The following resolutions were passed;

Everett-Lamson—That $30 ha appropriated to blast stumps on the Whatcom road under Pathmaster Porter's supervision.

Lamson-Everett—That Pathmaster Lamson be authorized to dig a ditch to drain Maber road.

Everett-Lamson—That W. H. Fadden be allowed $10 in payment for work on Straiton road on else complete his contract.

Straiton-Everett—That the road taxes collected from V. V. & E. for November be divided between Pathmasters Fooks and Gillis for repairs on road.

McKenzie-Straiton—That the clerk be instructed to make a search of records to ascertain if assessed owners are registered.

Straiton-McKenzie—That nominations be held in the new municipal hall; that J. W. Winson be appointed returning officer; that the poll for municipal elections, 1912 be taken at the new municipal hall.

Committee appointed to look into a matter o fa road for Major Pettinger report that a fairly good road can be got up the hill and they recommend that next year's council take the matter up

The regular monthly accounts were passed.

Council adjourned to January 2, 1912.

Mr. A. McCallum was in Vancouver this week.

Mrs. J. W. McCallum has returned from a trip to Spokane.

Miss Caswell was a visitor to Vancouver this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell of Salmon Arm are in Abbotsford the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Mr. Campbell is opening a jewellry store in Abbotsford, at present he is occupying the same building as Mr. Clark.

Five Roses Flour and Seal of Alberta at Abbotsford Feed Store.

A GRAY HORSE AT LARGE

The weather is full of mysteries Every paper one picks up—from a—cigarette paper to the boarding house menu—is full of mysteries. Even the quiet, slumbering city of of Chilliwack had its "Mysterious Swede" But then there are mysteries and mysterlea. Take for instance a box or two of chocolates No one could imagine a mystery in connection wit hthem, but there is. The answer may be found in that old familiar expression "Ask a policeman"

A newspaperman's experiences are numerous and varied, and one would hardly expect to hear any poetry eminating from a livery stable, but strange to relate while in search o fa "scoop" for the benefit o fthe readers o fthe Post the other night, the scribe's memory was reverted back to school days, by a voice, atentorian, proclaiming aloud, "My beautiful, my beautiful! that standest meekly by" With hushed footsteps the pencil pusher listened wondering whether the speaker thought he was talking to a human being, or a "house and lot" but then the voice rang our rich and clear,

"Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert stoled?

"'Tis false. 'Tis false, my gray steed! I fling them back jeers untold."

"Thus—, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains, Away Who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains."

And with a flourish out dashed a rider superbly mounted on a thoroughbred gray steed and tore up Essendene Avenue. (The Board of Trade will see that the street is repaired next election) The P. P. stood rooted to the spot, the spot has since been removed, when through the silent watches of the night a voice rang out, wild and clear, "Stopp, Mon, Stopp! or I'll sh-o-o-o-t!" But the rider was busy "scouring the distant plains" in search of the owner of his coveted house and lot.

The curtain drops.

Mr. T. Coogan has moved into his new premises on Essendena Ave., east. He has now one of the finest tailor shops in the whole Fraser Valley, barr none. He has his home in the same building.

Mr. J. J. McPhee is now an employee of the government, having had his name added to the list of immigration officers at Huntingdon. Congratulation J. J.

Mr. A. Alanson was on the sick list yesterday.

Mr. Chas Hill-Tout leaves on Sunday for Pittsburg, Penn., where he will attend the convention of the Archeology and Phylological Societies. He has consented to read a paper. He expects to be back early in January.

A special sale of work will be given by the Ladies of St. Matthews church on Tuesday, December 19th at Geo. C. Clark's store.

Five Roses Flour and Seal of Alberta at Abbotsford Feed Store.

NO CROSSINGS THIS WINTER

There are yet no crossings on Essendene Avenue from one side of the street to the other. Winter with its rains has come and of course the quality of the mud on the street is improving with each rain, but the general public have but little pleasure in crossing even in first-class mud. A few dollars spent in crossings would be highly appreciated by the citizens to say nothing o fthe people who visit our town on business and on pleasure. Have you dear reader, ever atood and watched the people who come of fthe B. C. cars attempt to cross the street to either of the hotels to stay? The look of disgust would make any true citizen of Abbotsford feel ashamed at the carelessness displayed by the powers who control the public funds for the purpose of having work done in Abbotsford. It is too bad. Twenty dollars worth o flumber and the same amount of work would look worth as much as that many thousands spent where there was half the traffic.

There should be at least two crossings—one on the east side of the railway crossings somewhere It has been suggested that one be laid across from either the Abbotsford or the drug store; the other across from Alanson's corner. Of course no one would object to a slant in either o fthe crossings if it was deemed necessary by the road superintendent or his assistants.

The Board of Trade ought to get busy and seek incorporation then the town would be supplied with the urgent necessities for the convenience of the travelling public.

It would not hurt to ask the two companies having crossings across Essendene to fix up their right of way a little better.

THE MARKET.

Rain had rather a depressing effect on the New Westminster market on Friday morning last, although the day turned out to be a most beautiful sunshiny one, but the buyers and offerings were both rather scarce. Only one veal carcass made its appearance, and absolutely no mutton was offered, which is rather an unusual condition o faffairs. A few quarters of beef were on the market andpork was there in abundance, the dressed hogs being both large and small. There was no change in the price offered for meat at wholesale and there were no changes in the prices of retail meats, which, as usual were plentiful. Eggs at retail were quite plentiful and were first offered at 70 cents per dozen but later dropped to 65 cents per dozen. Fruit was pretty scarce and vegetables at retail were not plentiful, the vendors stating that they did not look for a heavy sale No changes were noted in the prices. Vegetables by the sack were quite numerous but the prices remained the same. Fish were of the usual variety and prices, with the single exception of smelts, which

(Continued on Page Four.)

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin' the Government.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1911

Immortality awaits the man who shall discover a tax the imposition of which will be popular. But, even in taxes there are degrees of unpopularity, and to the height of unpopularity in British Columbia the poll tax has attained. Prosperity has of recent years made B. C. financial conditions, such as province of British Columbia had long been a stranger to, but, in good times, as in bad times, in days that are heavy with sadness and in days that are bright with gladness and festivity there is always the poll tax. In spite of tests of press and public, in spite of remonstrance with the Cabinet and without the provincial government still says; The poll tax ye have always with you.

For a tax to be unpopular is bad enough, but for an unpopular tax to be collected within hail of the Christmas season as is being done with the poll tax this year is surely to add insult to injury. Nor is this the only particular in which the collections of the poll tax is objectionable. Not alone is the collection in this case inopportune but, the manner of collecting the tax in British Columbia is reprehensible. No notice is given the payer, like another sword of Damocles the tax is suspended over the neck of the tax-payer and may descend at any time. In one newspaper office in Vancouver it fell on August 31st this year; in another it fell in October or November. In one office in New Westminster it descended on Wednesday last.

It is obvious that some measure of method might be introduced with great advantage into the collecting the poll tax. Leaving out of sight and mind the arguments which have been advanced from time to time, for its continuance or for its abrogation, the statement may safely be made that ordinary business methods should be observed in the collecting of the poll tax Moreover the mode of collecting might be improved in some particulars which are more then business like. For example the poll tax should be different from mere counting of polls, or heads employees should not be grouped together like so many flocks of sheep or herds of cattle, and the tax collected according to the enumeration made by the employer Such a method of collecting a tax utterly irreconcilable with the principles of democracy. It is alien to Canada, an insult to manhood.

In all humanity we submit that to New Westminster belongs the credit attaching to the principle which would render the poll-tax innocuous, unobjectionable, reasonable. The poll tax was imposed at a time when conditions in British Columbia were very different from what they are now. In those days families were comparatively few; every town was a man's town and the poll tax was in its essence, a tax on bachelors for purposes of education. To-day apologists for the poll tax point to the number of Orientals in the province and say that this tax provides a means of making the Oriental contribute to the fiscal system and to the maintenance of the government in the country. The manner which the road tax has been dealt with in New Westminster merits the attention of provincial legislators. The road tax is a tax which the residence escapes by becoming a citizen. Should not the provincial government make the citizen of British Columbia exempt from the obnoxious poll tax?—The Daily News.

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

million acres, nor whether his titles would stand law, nor how he handled his men when they didn't toe the scratch, nor how he spent money when he was spendin', nor how he hung on to it when he had a 'close' fit. And he's windin' things up in a blaze of light that will flicker 'round his memory for a long time to come. Young man, I reckon it'll settle into a steady halo for him, so far as the old chaps up this way go; as for the young ones — he's Clare Corran's [illegible] father, and you'll know what that means when you see her."

Then Mr. Harriss smoked in silence for a while, letting that suggestion sink in.

III

George did not feel any consuming curiosity as to what this girl of the north country might be He imagined he knew what the daughter of such a father must be. The idea of the riotous obsequies that Cornelius Corran had provided for in his will appealed did not look at him just then to his appreciation of the bizarre—youth has that appreciation But Harry George came from good, old Pilgrim stock, and jesting with death and its mysterious sanctity shocked him while it interested. Mr. Harriss had something still more shocking in reserve.

"You'll have a chance to get a good look at her, like every one else that's at the funeral She's goin' to lead the parade. The will orders a parade instead of a funeral procession that's made up of just hacks and mourners Cornelius didn't want any hacks and mourners Ain't any hacks up our way, for that matter. Two bands, says he in his will, decorations, and the coffin set into a bateau on wheels, and all wrapped stem to stern in the Canadian and Irish flags And she's goin' to lead! That's in the will. She'll lead, ridin' on horseback — on that big, black hoss of her'n."

That last detail was too much for the young man who had passed his life among the conventions.

"Mr. Harriss," he said reproachfully, "I believe you are one of these Canadian jokers who go around making up yarns to fool people I don't believe there ever was any Cornelius Corran, or that there's going to be any funeral."

"You and me don't want trouble, but there'll be some between us if you undertake to call me a liar," stated Mr. Harriss, with dignity

"But no girl would do such a thing as that, even if her father's will did order her to," cried the young man "It's impossible. It's shameful!"

"Meanin' that Clare Corran would do anything that wasn't right and proper?" inquired Governor Harriss a baleful light in his eyes

"Doing a think like that wouldn't be proper."

And then and there, Harry George received a lesson in what it meant in the north country to doubt Clare Corran of Corran-cache, her beauty, her wit, her knowledge of all matters in heaven or on earth, her right to reign as queen of hearts from St. Francis to St Agatha.

Governor Harriss had been nursing his hat on his knees He replaced it on his head. Thus, he crowned himself with his dignity, assumed his rightful position as official spokesman of the territory in which he ruled.

"In that dude-rid, henpecked, milk-and-water locality that you've come from," he snarled, "maybe it ain't thought proper to love a father, all through his life and obey him, and then love and obey him after he's dead and leaves you on your honor. Mabbe them wobble-necked women-geese down there think they're mournin' when they load a lot of crape on the outside and sing 'Hail Columby' inside while the minister's prayin'. 'Tain't what is outside that mourns — it's what is inside. And Clare Corran mourns so for her father that she'd cut off her lily right hand rather than fall down on what he asked her to do."

He had raised his voice, till its shrillness cut through the gabble of the men in the car. The name of the girl caught their attention. By the way they began to listen, it was plain that it was a magic name to them.

She is the girl of her father!" squalled Governor Harriss, his voice breaking in his fresh passion. "The pal of her father — with grit enough to be his son, but with the love for him that only girls can feel. That's Clare Corran!"

"And who says she isn't?" roared a man halfway down the car. He came up the aisle, elbowing right and left other men who were rising from their seats. "Who says she ain't the queen doe of the Great Toban? He's got me 'aed a thousand like me to fight!"

Governor Harriss was on his feet now. He leaned over George, tapping emphasis upon the shoulder of that disconcerted young man.

"And if she rides, dressed in her best, but with sorrer in her heart, rides ahead to be the first at the bed where Cornelius Corran will sleep his last sleep — rides ahead because with his dying breath he asked her to, and put it into his will — ain't she as good, and as sweet, and as true, as any of your wadlin' city ducks that have to be toted on a cushion in a hack? If she ain't, say so! If she is, take word of it back to your dudes." It was plain that Mr. Harriss enjoyed being in the spotlight, and that he welcomed this opporunity.

The man who had made the first rush was at their seat, now. Others massed at his back, and Big Bill was climbing over seats in order to be where duty called at the outbreak of any hostilities. And George, with that gaunt finger tapping his shoulder, became the centre of all that distrubance so suddenly that he stared from face to face, bewildered.

"I'm an old man," quavered Governor Harriss. "If I was as full of ginger as I was once, I'd put a rosette over your eye."

"If there's decoratin' needs to be done here, you needn't worry about artists volunteerin'," said the first recruit. "Give me the pattern What did this son of a beeswax say about Clare Corran?"

Big Bill made the last stage of his journey by jumping two woodsman down into a seat and climbing across them on his hands and knees

"I'm in this," he panted. "You'll do your fightin' out where the Great Trust Co. don't have to pay for car damages."

"This ain't fight, hoss, it's a lynchin'," yelled the woodsman. "The dude has passed a skunk word about Clare Corran.'

"That's different," said Kyle "Don't worry about the seats if that's so."

Now, they hemmed George back, front, and sides. Harriss's finger still played tattoo on one shoulder. The clutch of the leader of the mob was on the other. It was all so unreasonable, so unjust, so preposterous, this druken onslaught, that his own anger now blazed as hotly as theirs He surged to his feet, breasting them from him.

'Hold on, right here," he shouted. "What do you mean by pitching into a man in this way? I have not insulted any young lady. I don't know this one you are talking about." He clutched Governor Harriss, lifted him out of the seat, and thrust him among the men in the car aisle.

It was a magnificent display of muscle and quickness, and it held back the corwd better than words would have done, whether the words had been threat or appeal. George backed to the window, and stood at bay.

"I'm a stranger in this section. I don't know your people. If I've said anything that's been misunderstood, I'm sorry. If there's any one wants to fight me, after that, he's simply looking for fight without excuse for it — and there's no man-fashion about that business, forty to one."

"That's fair talk, son," declared Kyle, and he straddled a seat back and stood down beside George. "Now, Harriss, what have you got to say?"

Governor Harriss was between the hostile lines, a precarious place for a non-combattant. If he gave the signal for combat, it meant damage to himself and his precious plug hat. He temporized.

"I might have been mistook," he admitted. "Come to think of it, it don't stand to reason that a man meant to insult Clare Corran".

"If he's right, let him prove it," said the man who had led the charge. "Take off your hat and say you love her — our Queen Clare, of the Great Tohan."

With hot wrath and revolt in his cheeks, the young man was about to

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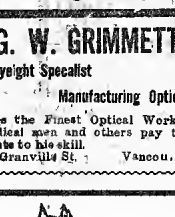

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Our firm's name lends prestige to our representatives.

Complete line of Nursery SStock for SSpring 1911.

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TORONTO, Ontario.

refuse, but Big Bill growled in his ear: "Do it. It won't hurt you, and I don't want this car mussed up."

It seemed like treachery to another — but they couldn't understand. And his disgust urged him to get rid of them. A hush fell on them, broken only by the clatter of the train. He lifted his hat. His smile was ironical, but they took only of his words:

"I love your Queen Clara, whoever she may be."

Woodsmen are like children. As ingenuous as fickle, as precipitate in forgiveness. They cheered him with laughter. They had only dimly understood what the quarrel was all about. Even the angry knight who had first thrown down the gauntlet grinned.

"Got back into your seats," commanded Kyle. "I'll set with you," he informed the young man. "I never knew old Harriss to get on that plug hat but trouble chased after him, like a storm after a sundog. You go away from here, governor."

"You grinned when you said it about her," muttered Mr. Harriss, leaning close to George. "But you'll tell her that some day, and you won't feel like grinnin' then. You'll waller at her feet. But she'll never marry a dude."

He swayed away, ominous prophet, scoty as a crow, in his fuzzy hat and rusty black.

"It'll be like livin' through a tornado in tophet, the next two days in Corran-cache," said Kyle, refilling his pipe "But I'm startin' a day ahead with this bunch so's to be there," he admitted. "The governor gave yon the slat of Cornelius' will, did he? I reckon it sounds like a nightmare to a city chap like you."

"So much so that I got into trouble by talking about it," said George sourly. "I'd like to talk a little about my own business, Mr. Kyle Now, about Smart and Lunch. Do you——"

"I'm thinkin' that the death of Cornelius Corran and even this funeral celebration will have some bearin' on your business, more'n what you realize," said Kyle, with a shrewd wink.

He did not wait for the young man to comment.

"Cornelius Corran was quite a grand-stand player, son, but it wasn't all grand stand with him. Let me tell you something — when he was alive, he held the reins over a terrible slat of timberland. He didn't get all of it by plankin' down dollars on every acre. There's more than one way of gobbin' timberland up this way. When tax titles, squatter claims, fake lines, and all the rest are guaranteed by grit and cheek and plenty of friends at your back, you don't need quite so much help from the courts and the registry of deeds.

"Deanis Kavannagh had the friends when he was alive; he 'tended right to it, keepin' an army ready for call. He never needed it — not in real action. It was enough for the other fellers to know that he had it — bought and owned by the rum, rub, and good-fellership that he spread with hands and tongue. Why, son, if he had ever called on, even, the Great Trust Co., crews would have quit the big fellows and joined this bunch and ridden the president of our corporation, whoever he is, on a rail across the line.

"It's fashionable to steal lands up here, but the other thieves had to let Thief Cornelius alone so long as he lived and had his clutch on things. There's more to this funeral than a hurrah. He left five thousand dollars to spike down the memory of Cornelius Corran as the king of all the good fellers that ever stole land up this way. And his girl is the heiress of his lands and his memory. See? He reckoned that when an ice cake like the Great Trust got up against that memory of his, it would melt so quick that it couldn't put many dents in his estate. I reckon he left the girl pretty well barricaded."

"Do you mean that our company would go in on a land-grabbing scheme?" asked George.

Mr. Kyle laughed so uproariously that tears ran down his cheeks.

"Oh, you city sharps do know how to wear the velvet glove!" he complimented, after getting his breath. "You spoke out, then, just as innocent as that civil engineer that they sent down here last year to steal ten thousand acres — and he got away with it on fake lines that he run."

Mr. Kyle took him in w

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Other Christmas gifts we have in abundance are Toys, Dolls and Childrens' Furniture.

Our stock of Ladies' and Men's Fancy Sweater Coats is most complete.

Woolen knitted goods for children in very attractive designs, at moderate prices.

A visit to our show room will convince you that our stock of Xmas Novelties is most complete, consisting of China Cups and Saucers, Brass and China Clocks, odd jugs and plates, etc.

For men we have a splendid line of bed-room slippers, arm bands, braces and neckties, also shaving outfits, etc.

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THE ABBOTSFORD POST

ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

shrewd understanding.

"You've got me sized up wrong — and the company that you work for, too, I think," objected George

"Keep up the bluff, that's what you're hired for," giggled the rude skeptic "We understrapper of the Great Trust don't expect to be let into headquarters secrets. We only grab in and clean off the lands after they've been stolen. But you'd better not show your hand in the game you're on now till after this section gets over the funeral — and that funeral may last quite a while, just as Cornelius planned. I'd rather have my job than yours."

The new forester of the Great Trust Co. decided that convincing this colaborer was profitless work. But he had found a text for some rather lively ponderings. And especially did he wonder of what sort was this forest queen, whose father had left to her a heritage of protecting loyalty bought with such questionable means.

IV

The journey became tiresome as night drew on Big Bill gossiped about the affairs of the north country, but he was rather prosy, except when he threw in further malicious hints as to what George's real business was in the woods He seemed to find the young man's indignant protests a means of whiling away the time. He grew more impertinent in his baiting.

"You're a mighty good-looker," was one of his impish thrusts, "and, perhaps, they've sent you up here to catch Queen Clara, and marry the Corran lands right into the Great Trust Co's clutch."

George's retort was violent enough to suit even Kyle's taste for the gamy in repartee.

"And, furthermore, you've got spirit to go with your size and looks, and girls like that most of all. She knows what spirit is. She's all tuned up herself like a fiddle in the front parlor. But if you marry her, you'll have to beat Blinn Wiggin to the sortin' boom. Ever hear of Blinn and his father, Jep?"

"Of course, I have never heard of them — and, in addition to that, Mr Kyle, I don't care to hear about them. Why dont' you tell me where I can find Niles and Smart; if you've got to talk?"

"'Cause I can't keep you mad that way, and you're more interestin' when

(Continued Next I

A PUBLIC CONVENIENCE

The new ferry across the Fraser has started running and a large number of people have taken advantage of it during the present week. [illegible] back and forth it takes about four minutes to come across, which would seem to be very good speed for the little craft. There is no doubt that a traffic will be developed that will demand a larger boat. There were some fifteen rigs, including an auto crossed the first day the ferry started its regular runs.

Conversation with Capt. MacKenzie elicited the fact that he was given instructions to run the boat every hour or oftener if necessary It is there for the convenience of the public, and the beauty of it is that the trip back and forth costs no money except a pleasant "good-day" to the genial captain It is the same price to Liberals and Conservatives.

The hours free to the public are from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Let it not be forgotten that a big banquet was promised by somebody to celebrate the opening of the ferry. Was it the Board of Trade or the Conservatives that made the promise? It makes not much difference. Someone will have to wake up or the ferry will develop into a bridge with trains and teams passing over.

TELEPHONE SYSTEM GROWING VERY FAST

The Mission City Telephone Company is one of Mission's home institutions and is growing very rapidly these days, the demand now for phones being greater than ever before; the service all the time improving.

This year a franchise was granted for the Matsqui municipality since which time about twenty or more phones have been installed with a central at Matsqui.

There are 117 phones on this side of the river in fine working order

In conversation with the secretary, Mr. Catherwood a few days ago he informed a representative of this paper that at the present time there was application for about 100 more phones, but as this called for a large expenditure the company had the matter still under consideration

The application for phones shows the growth and prosperity of the district and company.

BROKE INTO LANE'S STORE

Some one evidently feeling that he was in need of newer clothes such as can be procured at Lane's only broke into Clarence Lane's store late Sunday evening or early on Monday morning and helped him self and to all appearance left on the next train; perhaps to attend the opening of the Panama Canal, or some social function, for he has not yet been located.

Mr. Lane has not been able to find exactly how much was taken but he knows that he misses about $5 in cash; that the suits were picked over; the boots disturbed; a hat missing;; ties disturbed; sock boxes opened; handkerchiefs and collars out of their regular places. In fact it would appear the robber or robbers needed a whole new outfit, by the way they clerked in the store during their short time of occupation. It is not known how much was taken; one or two or three outfits, as at the present time a heavy stock is carried at this time of the year.

A stone was thrown through the plate glass in the door, making a hole large enough to get in and out or to open the door from the outside. An attempt appears to have been made to cut the door open with a knife but it evidently looked too slow a job. The side winndow in the tailor shop was also broken; and it is just possible that is where the screw driver was opened that enabled the robber to open the cash box in the store.

A report was sent out at the on the look out for the culprit or culprits but as a description was wanting it would be a hard matter to catch who committed the deed.

LEAVE YOUR ORDER EARLY
FOR XMAS CAKE
We can sell it cheaper than you can make it Icing and decorating done
We also sell Almond Paste all ready to go on cake 50 cents a pound
Abbotsford, Bakery ALBERT LEE, PROP.

THE MARKET.

(Continued from Page One)

were not on the market.

Plenty of cut flowers were on the market and found a ready sale

The poultry offering was not up to the usual standard along the line of quantity. The quality of the birds was well to the mark and the offering was somewhat more varied than usual. Some exceptionally fine Pekin ducks were offered and among them were a pair of drakes which were finally sold at $2.00 each The buyers purchasing them with a number of others allowed $1 75 each for these particularly fine birds and turned them over again at $2.00 per bird.

Some Houdans attracted a considerable amount of attention as it is seldom that that variety of bird is offered on the market. These were bought up by breeders of fancy stock at $1 each. Along general lines the prices remained exactly the same as those of last week. It is expected there will be no particular change until Christmas week when a considerable advance may be looked forward to. The prices are bound to rise just as soon as the New Year arrives and breeders are looking for choice stock for the coming season's breeding.

Following are the quotations for the day;

WHOLESALE MEAT—	
Veal, small	11 1-2 to 12 1-2c
Veal, large	9c to 10c
Mutton	10c to 11
Pork, per lb	12 1-2 to 13
RETAIL MEATS—	
Beef, per lb	8 1-2c to 11c
Beef, best rib roasts	15c to 18c
Beef, loin	22c
Beef, round steak	18c
Boiling Beef	10c to 14
Pork	18c to 20c
Veal	15c to 20c
Mutton	12c to 20
Young Lamb	15c to 20
Dressed chicken, per lb	25c
VEGETABLES, Retail—	
Vegetable Marrow	10c
Carrots per sack	75c
Onions, 3 lbs for	25c
Green Corn, doz	5c
Cabbage each	5c to 10c
Potatoes, sack	$1.50 to $1.60
Carrots, bunch	5c
Beets, bunch	5c
Turnips, sack	75 to 85c
Parsley, bunch	5c
Eggs, retail per dozen,	65c to 70c
Butter, retail, per lb	40c
Onions per sack	1.75
Honey, per lb	25c
Hens, small	$6.50 to $7.50
Hens small, retail	$7.50 to $8.50
Hens, large	$7 to $9
Hens, large, retail	$8.50 to $12
Chickens	$6 to $8
Broilers	$4 to $6
Ducklings	$7 to $9
Turkeys	$9.00
Ducks	$10 to $13
Turkeys, live weight, per lb	30c

THE ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the Matsqui Agricultural Association was held on Tuesday evening for business and election of officers.

The officers of the present year were all re-elected.

The finances of the association were shown to be in good shape.

The B. C. Legislature opens on Thursday, January 11.

DEWDNEY STORE ROBBED

Someone broke into the store at Dewdney on Sunday night last and helped themselves. It is not known what was taken, but a sack of grass seed was emptied on the floor evidently with the idea of getting a sack to carry away the goods.

No person sleeps at the store and it is in a lonely place and thus a midnight marauder would have a good chance to do his work and get away before being caught.

HOTEL ARRIVALS

Commercial.

A. H. Low, Camp 3.
W. Loneland, Mt. Lehman.
A. A. Cruikshank, Chilliwack.
S. Cameron, City.
Jas. McPherson, Vancouver.
J. Smith, Victoria.
Theodore Rossevelt, Jnr. Victoria, B. C.
H. Mellor, Fernwood.
D. Porter, Camp 3.
C. Sander, Vancouver.
T. Walker, Vancouver.
L. O. Conner, City.
A. D. McDonald, City.
C. Fortune, City.
Geo. Wilson, Vancouver.
Mike Hallakl, Camp 3
A. R. Lacombe, Camp 3.
M. Raphael, Camp 3.
John May, Camp 3.
Chas Chamberlain, City.
R. C. Nixon, Vancouver.
Jack Anderson, Vancouver.
Frank Palmer, City.
J. A. Blair, Vancouver.
Frank Burnett, Vancouver
Thos. Anderson, Killgard.
W. B. Brown, Vancouver.
W. Graham, Killgard.
C. Calder, Kilgard.
Thos. Russell, Victoria.
Harry Coates, Bradner.
W. Grant. Matsqui.

Abbotsford Hotel.

Geo J. Rayner, Vancouver.
Thos J. Roy, Vancouver.
Jas. Sanderson, Vancouver.
W. M. Glasgow, Vancouver.
Paper Higginson, Vancouver
H. Kennedy, Vancouver.
Phil Morris. Montreal
Geo Alexander, Quebec.
Louis Gature, Vancouver.
D. F. Hall, Vancouver.
C. E. Carr, Vancouver
F. B. Elliott, Vancouver.
Wm. Cradock, Vancouver.
Allen Mathers, Sardis.
S. H. Waugh, Westminster.
W. G. Bidrsall, Vancouver.
C. O. Bradshaw, Vancouver.
M. Lazarus, Vancouver.
A. Sampson, Vancouver.
W. N. Brewster, Seattle.
G. W. Neeshan, Dayton, O
Fred A. Richardson, Vancouver.
H. L. Hayes, Abbotsford.
P. Brenton, Vancouver.
S. B. Hodgson, Vancouver.
W. W. Miller, Spences Bridge
A. Bates, City.
J. Bradford, City.
W. Gannon, City.
W. M. Russell and wife
A. W. Forger and wife.
M. J. Hall and wife.
T. C. Wallace. City
T. Edwards, City.
S. Harris, Seattle.
Miss La Donceur, Vancouver.
Miss E. Faye, Vancouver.
Geo Hayes, City
D. McGillivray, Vancouver.
J. Browning, City
F. B. Dallas, Kamloops.
W. Ross, City.
K. Heacole, Vancouver.
S. B. Hodgson, Vancouver.
E. G. Fleming, Vacncouver
H. McKenzie, Sligo Co.

NEW MAP OF ABBOTSFORD

Blueprints of the new map of Abbotsford, price one dollar, can now be obtained at the office of Messrs Henderson and Taylor, Civil Engineers, Abbotsford.

All roads lead to Abbotsford, success and happiness.

HARRON BROS.
Embalmers and Funeral Directors
Vancouver, Office and chapel—1034 Granville St., Phone 3486
North Vancouver, Office and chapel—119 2nd st. Phone 154

Just a few words on
Air-Tight Heaters
18 Inch ---- $2.35 22 Inch ---- $2.85
21 Inch ---- $2.65 23 Inch ---- $3.15 24 Inch ---- $4.50
There are only sixty of these in stock Do you want one?
Perhaps a few prices on windows might interest you?
12x24, 4 Light Window ---- $1.65
24x24, 2 Light Window ---- $1.75
14x28, 4 Light Window ---- $1.85
14x28, 2 Light Window ---- $1.85
24x30 2 Light Window ---- $1.85
28x28, 2 Light Window ---- $2.15
30x30, 2 Light Window ---- $2.50
H. ALANSON

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Geo. Zeigler
Carriage, House and Sign Painter
Call and get prices.
All work guaranteed
Abbotsford - B. C.

Painting, Sign Writing
General repair work
J. E. PARTON
Abbotsford - B. C
Good Storage Room for Furniture.

ABBOTSFORD
Feed & Grain Store
Don't forget
WHEAT $2.00
A sack
We buy Poultry
J. J. SPARROW, PROP.

WATCH ABBOTSFORD GROW
Edgar Chamberlain
ABBOTSFORD, B. C.
Contractor and Builder
Jobbing Brickwork
Chimneys a specialty.
Orders left at the office of C. A. Sumner & Co. will recieve prompt attention.

WANTED
APPLES
all kinds, in large and small quantities. Windfalls and culls taken.
Kootenay Jam Co., Ltd
Mission City, B. C.

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For the Residence, Store or Office.
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